

FIFTY-NINTH SEASON.

# Handel and Haydn Society.

HAYDN'S



CANTATA,

## "The Seasons,"

AS PERFORMED AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

ON

*Wednesday Evening, April 28, 1875.*

### CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

SIMON ( <i>a Farmer</i> ) . . .	BASS.	LUCAS ( <i>a Young Countryman</i> ) . . .	TENOR.
JANE ( <i>his Daughter</i> ) . . .	SOPRANO.	CHORUS OF COUNTRY PEOPLE AND HUNTERS.	

### PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

MISS HENRIETTA BEEBE, Soprano.

MR. WILLIAM J. WINCH, Tenor.

MR. MYRON W. WHITNEY, Basso.

THE FULL CHORUS OF THE SOCIETY, ORCHESTRA, AND THE GREAT ORGAN.

B. J. LANG, Organist.

CARL ZERRAHN . . . . . Conductor.

Tickets with secured seats, \$1.50 and \$1.00, according to location.

THE PERFORMANCE WILL COMMENCE AT 8 O'CLOCK PRECISELY.



# Spring.

## OVERTURE.

*Expressing the passage from Winter to Spring.*

*Recit.*

*Simon.* — Behold where surly Winter flies!  
Towards the north he passes off.  
He calls his ruffian blasts:  
His ruffian blasts obey,  
And quit the howling hill.

*Lucas.* — Behold from craggy rocks the snow  
In livid torrents melted runs!

*Jane.* — Forth fly the tepid airs,  
And from the southern shores allure  
The messenger of Spring.

*Chorus.*

Come gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come;  
And from her wintry frowns bid drowsy nature rise.

*Girls and Women.* — See, gentle Spring delightful  
comes!

The softness of its breath we feel,—  
The joy of renovating life!

*Men.* — As yet the year is unconfirmed  
And oft the cold's returning blast  
With black venomous fogs the bud and bloom  
destroys.

*Chorus.*

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come!  
And smiling on our plains descend;  
Come, gentle Spring, while music wakes around.

*AIR.*

With joy th' impatient husbandman  
Forth drives his lusty team,  
To where the well-used plough remains,  
Now loosened from the frost.  
With measured step he throws the grain  
Into the bounteous earth.

O sun, soft show'rs, and dews!  
The golden ears in plenty bring.  
With joy th' impatient husbandman  
Forth drives his lusty team,  
To where the well-used plough remains,  
Now loosened from the frost;  
There freely yoked, their toil begins,  
Cheered by the rustic lay.

*Recit.*

*Lucas.* — Laborious man hath done his part;  
And while his heart with hope expands,  
That nature's friendly aid will richly crown his toil,  
His ardent vows to Heav'n ascend.

*Trio and Chorus.*

*Lucas.* — Be propitious, bounteous Heaven;  
O'er the hills and vales luxuriant  
Spread the rich autumnal feast!

*Chorus.*

Be propitious, &c.

*Lucas.* — O let the gales of gray-eyed morning,  
*Simon.* — Upon refreshing dew-drops breathing,

*Jane.* — The genial sun and ev'ning show'r,  
With pow'r of produce bless the land.

*Trio.*

The hopes of man shall then be crowned,  
And songs of joy Thy praise shall tell.

*Chorus.*

Be propitious, &c.

*Men.* — O let the gales of gray-eyed morning,  
The genial sun and ev'ning show'r,

*Women.* — The ev'ning show'r and genial sun,  
With pow'r of produce bless the land.

*Chorus.*

The hopes of man, &c.

*Recit (Accompanied).*

*Jane.* — Our fervent pray'rs are heard:  
Th' effusive southern breeze  
Warms the wide air with vernal show'rs distent.

*Duet and Chorus.*

*Jane.* — Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,  
Calls us to the fields;  
Come, sweet maidens, let us wander  
O'er the fragrant scene.

*Lucas.* — Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,  
Calls us to the fields;  
Come, companions, let us wander  
Midst the sweets of May.

*Both.* — Spring, her lovely charms, &c.  
*Jane.* — Let us gayly tread the dew-drops,  
Cull the blooming flow'rs.

*Lucas.* — See the valleys, see the meadows,  
Where the lilies sip the streamlet  
*Girls and Youths.* — Spring, her lovely charms, &c.  
*Jane.* — Mark the mountains! see the waters!  
View the lucid sky!

*Lucas.* — All is lovely, all delightful,  
All replete with joy.

*Jane.* — See the playful lambkins caper.

*Lucas.* — Fish disportful skim the water.

*Jane.* — Bees from flow'r to flow'r ret ramble.

*Lucas.* — Tuneful birds thro' blossoms flutter.

*Chorus.*

All is lovely, all delightful,  
All replete with joy.

*Girls.* — What enjoyment, O what pleasure,  
Swells our grateful hearts!

*Youths.* — Soft sensations, rapture's impulse,  
Changeful rule the breast!

*Simon.* — Till the feelings, all ecstatic,  
Own the present God.

*Girls and Youths.* — With loud praises grateful flowing,  
Magnify His Name.

*Men.* — Let the voice of pure thanksgiving  
Rise above the clouds.

*Chorus.*

Let the voice, &c.

*Chorus, with Trio.*

God of light! God of life! Hail, mercy's Lord!

*Trio.*

From whose abundant stores  
The earth with plenty flows  
And whose Almighty love  
Makes glad the heart of man.

*Chorus.*

God of light! God of life! Hail, mercy's Lord!  
Endless praise to Thee we'll sing,  
Almighty Lord of all.

# Summer.

*Air.*

*Simon.* — From out the fold the shepherd drives  
His bleating flock and lowing herd,  
That browse along the verdant hill,  
Dewdrops shaking to the ground.  
Towards the east he gazing stands,  
And on his staff in silence leans,  
Until the pow'ful king of day  
Glorious darts his beams around.

*Trio and Chorus.*

Behold on high he mounts,  
The sight no more his beams withstands!

*Chorus.*

With flames of piercing light  
He bursts in glowing majesty!  
Hail, O glorious sun!  
Thou source of light and life, all hail!  
Hail, O glorious sun!  
Sublime and universal orb,  
O earth's pervading soul,  
Creation cries all hail!

*Jane, Lucas, Simon.* — Who can express the pure  
delight

Thy cheerful presence yields to man?  
Or who recount the mighty good  
That from thy rays the earth receives?

*Chorus.*

Who can express the pure delight  
Thy cheerful presence yields to man?

*Jane, Lucas, Simon.* — Thy genial warmth gives health  
and joy;

But to the Lord our God we owe  
The pow'r thy beams display.

*Chorus.*

Hail, O glorious sun!  
Thou source of light and life, all hail!  
Let shouts of joy resound  
Thy name throughout the world.

*Recit.*

*Lucas.* — 'Tis noon, and now intense the sun  
Darts down his rays. O'er heav'n and earth  
The eye beholds his mighty blaze resistless spread.  
From pole to pole, o'er cleaving fields  
Of arid herbs and withered flow'rs,  
A dazzling deluge reigns.

*Cavatina.*

Distressful nature fainting sinks!  
Drooping foliage, thirsty pastures, founts exhausted,  
Show the tyrant rage of heat;  
And panting, languish man and beast,  
Outstretch'd upon the ground.

*Recit.*

*Jane.* — O welcome now, ye groves and bow'rs!  
Ye lofty pines, ye aged oaks!

Whose foliage lends a cooling shade;  
And sweetly, to the list'ning ear,  
In murmurs, whispering speaks.  
O'er downy moss the purling brook  
Its liquid silver rolls;  
And 'neath the shade, with soothing hum,  
The sportive insects play.  
The balmy scent of fragrant herbs



On zephyr's wing is borne:  
And cheery from the ev'ning bow'r  
The shepherd tunes his lay.

*Air.*

O how pleasing to the senses  
Comes the sweet and cooling breeze!  
Beams the eye with joy expanded,  
As the stream of life pervades  
Th' invigorated frame.  
Delight uplifts the heart,  
And fancy's magic pow'r  
O'er nature bears the soul  
On sweet enchanted wing.

*Recit.*

*Simon.* — Behold! slow setting o'er the lurid grove,  
Unusual darkness frowning broods;  
Through awful gloom the lightning gleams,  
Eruptive from the clouds,  
And hark! from heaven's dark canopy  
The thunder growls.

*Lucas.* — In rueful gaze the cattle stand,  
By fearful man forsook:  
The aerial tribes descend;  
The clouds low rolling on  
Prepare the elemental strife.

*Jane.* — Dread through the dun expanse  
A boding silence reigns;  
Without a breath the forest shakes,  
And nature seems to ruin doomed.

*Chorus.*

Hark! the deep tremendous voice  
Of awful thunder roars!  
The tempest howls around.  
Away! ah, let us fly!  
Flashes of livid flame dart through the air,  
And from the bursting clouds the flood  
In sundry torrents pours.  
Heaven protect us!  
Dreadful rage the winds; the sky is all in flames.  
Oh, what horror!  
Peal on peal, with fearful crash,  
Convulsing heaven, the thunder rolls!  
O God! O God!  
Unto its deep foundations  
The solid globe is shook.

*Trio and Chorus.*

*Lucas.* — Now cease the conflicts of the winds,  
And fast the gloomy clouds retire;

*Jane.* — The sky sublimer swells,  
Pure azure spreads around,  
And o'er the fields the setting sun  
Displays the sparkling robe of joy.

*Simon.* — His flock secure, the shepherd hies,  
Light-hearted to his home.

*Lucas.* — The quail repeating calls her mate;

*Jane.* — Around the cot the crickets chirp;

*Simon.* — While croak the frogs within the pool,

*Jane, Lucas, Simon.* — And tolls the ev'ning bell.

Now shines the glitt'ring host of stars:

The hour of sweet repose is near.

*Tenors and Basses.*

Welcome, gentle sleep!  
Soothing balm of ev'ry care!  
O thou that in the cot of toil  
Delight'st to close the lids of health  
Welcome, gentle sleep!

*Trebles and Altos.*

To rest, to rest away!

*Chorus.*

The ev'ning bell again has toll'd;  
The winking stars to sleep invite;  
The hour of sweet repose is near  
To rest, to rest away!

## Autumn.

### OVERTURE.

*Recit.*

*Jane.* — Whate'er the blossomed Spring put in white  
promise forth,  
Whate'er the Summer's sun to full perfection  
brought,  
Rush boundless now to view,  
And glad the heart of man.

*Terzetto and Chorus.*

*Simon.* — Thus nature, ever kind, rewards  
The pains of virtuous toil:  
The labors of the changeful Spring,  
And Summer's sultry hour,  
With Autumn's wealth she richly pays.

*Jane and Lucas.* — O Industry, how rich thy gifts!  
The cottage where we dwell,  
Our clothing and our food,  
Health, plenty, and content,  
Are blessings all by thee bestowed.

All hail, O Industry!

From thee springs ev'ry good.

*Jane.* — Each form of virtuous life

Through thee alone perfection gains.

*Lucas.* — Thy simple laws from vice defend  
The erring heart of man.

*Simon.* — And fix his wand'ring steps

In paths of truth and pious love.

*Jane, Lucas, Simon.* — From thee springs ev'ry good.

*Chorus.*

All hail, O Industry, &c.

*Lucas.* — Beneath the orchard's bending tree,  
The smiling damsels stand,  
All like the fruit they gather up,  
Fair, ruddy, fresh, and sweet.

*Duet.*

*Lucas.* — Ye gay and painted fair, O come,  
And mark the simple child of truth!  
No tricks of art her charms deform:  
Behold my Jane, behold!  
The bloom of youth glows on her cheek;  
Her smiling eye beams happiness;  
And faith sincere breathes from her lips,  
When love to me she vows.

*Jane.* — Ye false and idle swains away!  
Here lures of fraud are spread in vain;  
And wily tales of passion feigned  
No list'ning ear shall find.  
My eye no gaud of dress entices, —  
An honest heart is what I prize;  
Fulfilled are all my fondest wishes,  
Whilst Lucas true remains.

*Lucas.* — Leaves will fade and fall,  
Flow'rs and fruit decay,  
Days and years elapse:  
Not so my constant love.

*Jane.* — Greener grows the leaf,  
Sweeter breathes the flow'r,  
Brighter shines the day,  
When love beams in thine eye.

*Both.*

What delight, where mutual fervor  
Binds two hearts in fond affection!  
Death alone such bonds can break.  
Dearest maiden! Dearest Lucas!  
Love to faithful love responsive  
In the highest pitch of rapture  
Heaven bestows on mortal life.

*Recit.*

*Simon.* — Lo! where the plenteous harvest waved  
A dreary waste the plains appear;  
Anon the sportsman's voice  
Along the sounding vale is heard,  
And ready in the healthful chase  
The lusty swain assists his lord.

*Air.*

Behold along the dewy grass  
In search of scent the spaniel roves;  
And still obedient to command,  
Attentive seeks the latent prey.  
But pressed by ardor, now he runs,  
Nor heeds the call nor chiding voice, —  
Then, scenting the game, he sudden stops,  
And stiff, with open nose, he stands.  
Th' impending peril to avoid,  
The startled fowl flies instant up;  
But wings in vain his rapid flight:  
The gun darts forth its mortal charge,  
And strikes him dead from the tow'ring height.

*Recit.*

*Lucas.* — Ere yet the orient sun  
Above the mountain's summit peers,  
His fellow sportsmen to the chase  
The early huntsman calls.  
Around his steps the busy pack  
With cheerful voice delighted throng.

*Chorus.*

Hark! the mountains resound!  
The vales and forests ring!  
It is the shrilly-sounding horn!  
The cry of the hounds and the huntsman!  
The fear-aroused stag is up,  
And eager men, horses, and dogs pursue.  
He flies, he flies! behold how he bounds!  
His rapid flight outstrips the wind.  
Through copse and thicket behold now he bursts,  
And skims o'er the plains to the shel'ring wood!  
The pack are now at fault;  
And doubtful where to bend their course,  
They stray dispersed around.  
Tally ho! Tally ho!  
The hunter's voice and sounding horn  
Have brought them back again.  
Ho! Ho! Ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!  
With ardor elated, rashly pours along  
O'er the plains the rejoicing throng.  
Tally ho! Tally ho!



Surrounded on ev'ry side,  
His spirits and his vigor lost,  
Exhausted drops the trembling deer.  
And now the merry horn resounds,  
And clamorous shout the joyous crowds.  
Huzza! Huzza!

*Recit.*

*Jane.*— The vineyard now its wealth displays;  
And bending boughs with clusters clear  
Luxuriant through the foliage seen,  
With smiles invite the master's hand.

*Simon.*— Exulting o'er the fields,  
The youth and virgins rove,  
Each fond for each to cull  
The sweet Autumnal prime,  
And speak the vintage nigh.

*Jane.*— The full ripe grapes are prest,  
And foams the ruby flood  
That fills of nations round  
The cup of mirth and joy.

*Lucas.*— The sportive joke makes light the toil,  
From morn to eve 'tis cheerful all,  
And oft the creamy glistening juice  
Exalts the mirth to shouts of joy.

*Chorus.*

Joyful, joyful the liquor flows,  
The bulky tuns are filled;  
Let pleasure reign around,  
And joy in loudest strains resound!  
Free from sorrow, let us revel  
Filled with mirth and glee;  
In glad chorus raise your voices,  
Merry, merry be.  
Joy! Joy! Joy! All hail to the wine!  
And hail to the land that brings it forth!  
Joyful sing! All hail to the wine!  
The vessel be praised that gives it strength!  
Joyful sing! All hail to the wine!  
And praised be the bowl from whence it flows!  
Come, companions, fill the tankard,  
Drain the goblet; jocund let us be!  
All hail to the wine! In loudest strains resound  
Oh sing, oh sing! All hail to the wine!  
The merry toned life and the drum are resounding,  
The bagpipe prolongs the hum of its drone.  
All hail to the wine, old age's friend,  
Of care and grief the cure!  
With voice of loud resounding mirth,  
The generous liquor let us praise.  
All hail to the wine! all hail!

## Winter.

### INTRODUCTION.

*Expressing the thick fogs at the approach of Winter.*

*Recit.*

*Simon.*— Now sinks the pale declining year,  
And vapors, clouds, and storms descend;  
Thick mists pour down the mountain's side,  
Which soon envelop all the plain,  
And shroud the noontide sun,  
With mantle of impervious gloom.

*Recit.*

*Lucas.*— A crystal pavement lies the lake;  
Arrested stands the rapid stream;  
And o'er the lofty cliff the torrent hangs  
With idle threat and seeming roar.  
And o'er the wild and bleak expanse  
Pale desolation spreads her wings.

*Air.*

The trav'ler stands perplexed,  
Uncertain and forlorn,  
Which way his wandering steps to turn  
Across the trackless waste.  
No human dwelling cheers his sight,  
No mark of human foot is found;  
And onward as he eager toils,  
In deeper error plunges still:  
Depressed his courage sinks,  
And anguish wrings his heart,  
As night its sable horrors shed,  
And weariness and cold  
Have stiffened all his limbs.  
But to his gladdened sight appears  
A sudden gleam of neighborly light;  
And now revived he springs,  
With joyful panting breast,  
To gain the welcome cot  
Where all his pains may find relief!

*Simon.*— Here gray-haired father sits  
And talks of years long past,  
Of feats of valor in his youth performed;  
Whilst round him clamorous play  
The wanton laughing boys.  
The mother spins on the distaff,  
On wheels the smiling daughters,

And render light their task  
With simple, artless melody.

*Chorus.*

Let the wheel move gayly,  
Singing as it circles.

*Jane.*— Quickly, cheerly, let it turn,  
Twisting fine and tender threads,  
Virgin cheeks to shelter.

*Chorus.*

Let the wheel move gayly, &c.

*Jane.*— Gentle weaver, make thy web  
Clear and fine, of dext'rous art,  
Gracing her that wears it.

*Chorus.*

Let the wheel move gayly, &c.

*Jane.*— Pure within, as fair without,  
Ought the virgin breast to be,  
Loveliest in concealment.

*Chorus.*

Let the wheel move gayly, &c.

*Jane.*— Pure within, as fair without,  
Modest, gentle, heedful minds,  
Best secure affection.

*Chorus.*

Pure within, &c.

*Recit.*

*Simon.*— Now from the east darts forth an icy gale,  
Whose piercing cold fierce spreading through the  
sky,  
All damp and mist assails, and e'en the breath of  
living things.  
The tyrant influence reigns from pole to pole,  
And nature lies a vast extended waste  
Inwraught in silent gloom.

*Air.*

In this, O vain misguided man,  
The picture of thy life behold!  
Soon pass thy hours of blooming Spring,  
Thy Summer's strength anon declines;  
Then comes the Autumn of thy days,  
And Winter last, with dreary close,  
Meet emblem of thy yawning tomb.  
Where now are fled thy lofty schemes,  
Thy flatt'ring hopes of wealth,  
Thy longings after fame,  
And all thy worldly cares?  
Where now are fled the mirthful days,  
In wanton pleasure past?  
And where, alas, those festive nights,  
In giddy revels spent?  
All vanished like a dream,  
For nought but truth remains!

*Recit.*

*Simon.*— Alone it stands; and like a sea-mark to the  
eye  
Of shipwrecked mariners, directs us through life's  
storms,  
To everlasting peace and joy.

*Trio and Chorus.*

*Simon.*— Then comes the dawn of that great morn;  
The Saviour's mighty voice awakes  
The dawn of second life,  
From pain and death for ever free.

*Lucas and Simon.*— The heavenly gates are lifted up,  
The hallowed mount appears!  
And on its brow the holy seat,  
Where peace eternal dwells.

*Chorus.*

But who shall dare those gates to pass?

*Jane, Lucas, Simon.*— The man whose life was  
in corrupt.

*Chorus.*

And who the sacred mount ascend?

*Jane, Lucas, Simon.*— The man whose tongue was  
void of guile.

*Chorus.*

What soul within that seat may dwell?

*Jane, Lucas, Simon.*— That soul which succors want  
and grief.

*Chorus.*

Eternal peace who shall enjoy?

*Jane, Lucas, Simon.*— The man who gave the guiltless  
aid.

*Chorus.*

The everlasting gates of life  
Behold! are lifted up!  
The great, the glorious morn awakes,  
The hallowed mount appears.  
Now are they gone, for ever past,  
The hours of grief and pain,  
The storms of mortal life.  
A calm eternal reigns,  
And everlasting happiness  
Is virtue's high reward.  
In triumph thus may we ascend  
The holy mount of heav'nly bliss.

Amen.